

Questions---Answers---Correspondence

The Curse of Doneraile.

THE *Litany for Doneraile*, which Thomas Wallace calls for, was written by Patrick O'Kelly. It contains twenty-one stanzas of four lines each, and every line either ends with "Doneraile" or rhymes to it—a remarkable feat in versification. The entire poem is given in *Famous Fugitive Poems* (Henry Holt & Co.)

It is said that when Lady Doneraile read it she presented the poet with a gold watch to replace the one he had lost; and he then wrote a palinode calling down blessings instead of curses on Doneraile.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

NEW YORK, March 13.

The Curse of Doneraile or the *Doneraile Litany* or the *Curse of O'Kelly* as it is variously called may be found in T. Crofton Croker's *Songs of Ireland* and in the seventh volume of *Irish Literature* published by the John D. Morris Company of Philadelphia. O'Kelly, author both of the *Curse* and the *Palinode* recanting it, is humorously described in Lockhart's account of Sir Walter Scott's Irish tour.

P. A. P.

ARCHBOLD, Pa., March 14.

In the seventh volume of *Irish Literature*, edited by Justin McCarthy, where *The Curse of Doneraile* is given, it is said that the author, O'Kelly, "was absurdly vain and portrayed in each of his volumes poetical eulogies of himself and of his work by other bards. His high opinion of his own merit may be understood by his travesty of the celebrated lines of Dryden commencing, 'Three poets in three distant ages born': 'Would take a Byron and a Scott, I tell you.

Combined in one to make a Pat O'Kelly. 'His *Curse of Doneraile* was widely circulated all over Ireland and created a good deal of amusement."

In a biographical dictionary of *The Poets of Ireland*, by David J. O'Donoghue, the lines are said to have been written in 1808.

HORATIO G. COZZENS.

NEW YORK, March 15.

Three Famous Women.

Will you please tell me of some books about Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, Mary, sister of Henry VIII. of England, and Mary Queen of Scots? L. E.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall by Charles Major, published by the Macmillan Company (1902) comes instantly to mind. We are unable to name a book

dealing, except incidentally, with Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. Concerning Mary his daughter who became Queen Mary, there is a small libraryful of books. And the unhappy Queen of Scots has been the subject of many, many volumes. You might tackle first *The Casket Letters and Mary Queen of Scots*, by T. F. Henderson (Charles Scribner's Sons), *State Papers Relating to Scotland and Mary Queen of Scots* (Scottish Record Publ. 1898) and *The Mystery of Mary Stuart* by Andrew Lang, published by Longmans, Green & Co.

Where can I get articles about Racemakers? W. S. I.

Write to the Century Company, 353 Fourth avenue, New York.

The Green and White Tie.

A one-eyed County Mayo poet (locally known as Mr. Brute) received on St. Patrick's day a necktie from New York and thereupon acknowledged the gift in verses as follows:

Oh, Alice, my darling, God bless you—
You did not forget Mr. Brute;
How I wish I was near to caress you,
How well, dear, you knew what would suit!
I never indulge in much blarney,
Yet I say without telling a lie,
Not a boy from this town to Coolcarney
Can swell such a beautiful tie.

Sure, it never cost less than a shilling,
And is nicer by far than a bow;
It matches the front with the frilling
You gave me a long time ago.
Oh, darling! your honest good nature
Brought a tear to your Jemmy's odd eye
When I thought of the good natured creature
That sent me the green and white tie.

When first I beheld the grand present
I could not help saying "By Cripes!
Oh, Alice, 'tis you that is pleasant—
Bad cess to your green and white stripes."

If ever it lays in my power
I'll remember your kindness, and why;
You'd have dressed me like General Bower
Had you sent a big sash with the tie.

If my wardwoman's heart I can soften
She will promise before that I die,
Ere they double me up in the coffin,
To put on my beautiful tie.
When St. Michael sends forth the revelle
And descends like a flash from the sky
Not a soul in Jehoshaphat Valley
Won't be looking at me and my tie!

D. F.

NEW YORK, March 14.

"Michail Gourakin."

Please tell me where I can obtain *Michail Gourakin*, by Lappe Danilevskaya, in the Russian. You reviewed it in *Books and the Book World* for February 10. G. M.

The publishers, Robert M. McBride & Co., tell us that the novel, though written by a Russian woman, was written in English and is not a translation. We hasten, therefore, to amend our review in so far as it laid certain faults of the book to the difficulties of translation or of the translator. Perhaps they were due to the writer's acquired knowledge of English.

The book has not yet been done into Russian.

That Definition of Poetry.

There is in your town that has everything a society called the Poetry Lovers. And it is going to give a prize of \$50 for the best definition of poetry, the definition being required to cast itself in poetic form and to restrict itself to an allowance of thirty-five words. The conditions of the contest called for submission of definitions before February 28.

I am concerned with the fact that the result of the competition is to be made known March 28. For me, the spring of 1918 shall begin, whatever the almanacs may say, with the exact moment of this promulgation. If it were to be deferred four months, and to come only with the full fire and fury of the Julian heats, I should still refuse to believe that the world had earlier emerged from its winter confinement.

I do not suppose poetry and the soul have ever been satisfactorily defined. Poets have tried both, and so have philosophers, metaphysicians and the less pretentious but at least equally useful lexicographers. For most of us it is enough to be able to recognize the poetry we like and to know that it is quite generally acknowledged that we have souls. We are about as likely to try to define either as to lie awake at night trying to figure how many angels could stand on the point of a needle.

Webster's Dictionary says: "The art or work of poets"—*lucus a non lucendo*—"the embodiment in appropriate language of beautiful or high thought, imagination or emotion, the language being rhythmical, usually metrical, and characterized by harmonic and emotional qualities which appeal to and arouse the feelings and imagination." I do not see how words could do it better. No words of ours can. And yet the definition does not seem to set up a mark for the intending poet to aim at. Would not that be a fair test of its adequacy?

This contest ought, surely, to bring out

something good; probably, even, something helpfully enlightening. The limitation set upon the number of words ought to put the definers on their mettle. Perhaps it is a soft defensive measure on the part of the judges.

What an avalanche of essays would have descended upon them had no such restriction been imposed! As to the interest of the contestants, we have only to recall the world's great sayings compressed into half a dozen words, or even less, to be sure that these ambitious definers need no sympathy.

But why had the definition to be in poetic form? Was this only a stunt? Or did it reflect a belief that only by the poets themselves could their art be defined?

The judges in this contest all bear honored names: Edwin Markham, George Woodberry, Florence Wilkinson, Ridgeley Torrence, Edith Wynne Matthison and Robert Frost. Would it be surprising if these six poets, or any other six poets, were to find themselves unable to agree upon a definition of poetry by which to test the eligibility of the poetical definitions of poetry?

March 28 cannot come soon enough!

PRINCETON, N. J., March 15.

George Bronson Howard.

Please give a brief biographical sketch of George Bronson Howard. Who are the publishers of Mr. Howard's latest book, *Slaves of the Lamp*? CONTEMPORARY.

George Bronson Howard is a native of Maryland and 34 years old. He was educated in Baltimore and London and was in Government service in the Philippines and China before the Russo-Japanese war, in which he was correspondent for the *London Daily Chronicle* for a while. He was then a newspaper man in Baltimore, New York and San Francisco and a magazine contributor, specializing in play reviewing. He is the author of half a dozen books, some of them stories and some of them critiques, and of a dozen or more long plays and of a number of one act plays.

Slaves of the Lamp is published by W. J. Watt & Co., 43 West Twenty-seventh street, New York.

Please give the title of a good book on import and export business.

WILLIAM J. NICOLL.

We would suggest *Export Technique* by Edward L. Backer and *Importing* by Carl W. Stern, both published by the Business Training Corporation, 185 Madison avenue, New York.

Dr. Crile's Argument.

IN less than 4,000 words Dr. George W. Crile, best known perhaps as the discoverer of that form of bodily team work which he calls the kinetic system, considers the philosophy of the German state and exposes what he believes to be its fatal weakness. Dr. Crile's point is that the Germans must lose eventually even if they win now; of course defeat

for them now will be the destruction of their state philosophy, the very basis of which is the doctrine that might makes right. If they are beaten they must by their own logic not be right; we suspect the logic will undergo an inversion about that time, however.

THE FALLACY OF THE GERMAN STATE PHILOSOPHY. By GEORGE W. CRILE. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents.

OVER THERE AND BACK

A Pen Picture of the Front

OVER
THERE
AND
BACK

By Lieut.
Joseph S. Smith

Get the human side of the war from this young American who served three years as an officer and private with the Canadian and the British armies and is now "Somewhere in France" as an officer in the American Expeditionary Force.

OVER
THERE
AND
BACK

By Lieut.
Joseph S. Smith

Plenty of Realism—No Faked Horrors

Price \$1.50 Net. Postage Extra. At All Bookstores.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York



How the men from Canada's prairies won immortal fame in Flanders when, outgunned and outnumbered, they, by sheer pluck and tenacity, threw back Germany's magnificently equipped hordes and saved the world.

"Holding the Line"

By

SERGEANT HAROLD BALDWIN

This story of the war as a fighting man saw it is one to stir the blood; no effort of the novelist's imagination was ever so fascinating. It gives giant word pictures of battles and battlefields. It reveals modern army life in all its phases. *It's the best personal narrative of the war yet written.*

Price, \$1.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers, CHICAGO

SEA DOGS AND MEN-AT-ARMS

By J. E. Middleton

12". Color Frontispiece, \$1.50.

Stirring, martial verse, ringing with the glory of English achievement by land, sea, and air, and particularly attentive to the valiant spirit and shining deeds of Canada.

NEW YORK

G. P. Putnam's Sons

LONDON